

# Good Morning 550

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## "Common" Memories for A.B. Richard Gwilt

WE wanted a photograph of your sister, A.B. Richard Lloyd Gwilt, to publish in "Good Morning," with some home news for you, but our first call at 15a Cromford Road, Wandsworth, did not produce the lady.

It was at Putney Library, in Mr. Cousins' office, that we spoke to Margaret and secured the picture.

She says she is looking forward to a trip to Eastbourne for Christmas with Dad, and will be staying with "the Aunties," and will no doubt be visiting Aunt Mac. Kath, in the A.T.S., is still bossing the Ordnance about, and some doubt is expressed whether they could run the depot without her.

Mr. Chilvers is looking forward to having a game of draughts with you, if it will be possible to see the board under your ever-growing beard.

Little Micky was very curious when we arrived as to what we were carrying, and when we told him it was a camera, looked as if he didn't believe us. We hear he is very anxious to see your boat, so maybe you will give him one when the war is over!

Battersea Library, though slightly battered, is still carrying on, and they will be jolly glad to see you back.

Wimbledon Common is looking very lovely just now, as we have had some very beautiful sunsets, and Margaret says she is looking forward to resuming those long walks over the Common. Just to remind you, "Good Morning" went along to the Common after leaving Margaret and took a special picture for you, Richard. You'll find it on the back page.

Says W. H. MILLIER:—

# SOCCER PRO'S MUST GET SHARE OF BIG MONEY

SOME time ago I gave it as my opinion that directly the war ends sport in all its various forms in this country will enjoy a boom that is certain to put every other boom period completely in the shade. That much appears to be generally agreed upon by all who have any connection with sport.

It is so obvious that it is now taken for granted, and many people engaged in the organising of sporting events are making their plans accordingly. Some branches of sport have been put out of business, others have been considerably curtailed, but none has been permitted to carry on entirely without some form of restriction.

Professional football has been less interfered with than any other sport. True, players have gone into the Services, or have been sent to other parts of the country on war work, but the clubs have always been able to find plenty of young players only too ready and willing to oblige. Football clubs, despite their minor worries, can truly say that they have been very fortunate, though it is highly probable that they will say nothing of the sort.

The football legislators have been discussing various proposals for the betterment of football generally, but it has mainly boiled down to: "How much more money can we split up between us?" The plain fact is that professional football is a business, and, in the general run of things, a pretty profitable business.

During the war years we have seen the general rise of workers' wages, some of them to figures almost undreamt of by the recipients, and as a consequence, many of the necessary things of life have risen proportionately, so that the vast majority of people are not much better off. In any event, it is true to say that most people have more to spend now than ever before.

It is the hope of the few people whose income has decreased instead of rising that in time it will all be levelled up to at least equal to to-day's changed values. Now, professional football players work for wages, therefore, in the broad sense, they are work-

men. What about their pay? Has it gone up? No, sir! If the professional player hopes to keep his place in society after the war he is going to have a hard fight before he can live on the level of an unskilled labourer.

The high-minded souls who are the bosses of big football, have been discussing this suggested increase in wages, and have all too grudgingly conceded that an increase in players' pay is inevitable. Having gone that far, what do you think they have arrived at? That the professional might be given an increase of £1 per week. How magnanimous to be sure.

Football may not be a gold mine of unplumbed depth, but it is certainly a very paying concern, and one might well ask what becomes of all the money. It does not go to the players, except a very small portion. To me it has always been something of a puzzle that so many high-ranking players have knuckled down to a system which is at variance with any other profession where a certain amount of skill is demanded.

In any other walk of life the man who shines above his fellows is generally rewarded with higher remuneration, and, in most sports which depend upon public support, the so-called star can demand his own terms.

Why on earth should the professional football player be the lowest paid of any public performer? Is it because there are so many ready to play on any terms? No doubt the law of supply and demand does work here to the detriment of the player.

After all, football is a full-

time job. We know that many exceptions can be quoted showing how first-class amateurs have carried on with their ordinary jobs and have been brilliant players, but this can only be because they happen to work at some calling which can be left to look after itself whilst the player is away with his team.

Not every good player can find that sort of job. It is true that a number of them succeed in acquiring a one-man business, which can be left to the wife to look after during match days, but this is not possible to everyone. Mornings must be left free for training, and there are usually two matches per week throughout the season, which does not leave much time for attending to an outside job.

No. Professional football is a full-time job and as such should be made attractive by a much higher rate of pay. The idea of a flat rate for all players is absurd. It was laid down years ago as a minimum, and, as is frequently the case with trade union agreements, at once became the maximum and has remained stationary whilst wages and salaries in nearly all other walks of life have risen and, in some instances doubled in value.

Even if the flat rate is to remain it should be much higher, if only that the football player may take his rightful place among his fellows, but the flat rate is all wrong to my way of thinking. If anything, it makes for flat pay. In theory all the players are equal and, if that is correct, are entitled to equal pay, but in practice that is far from right. In any team

you will find one or two players who are head and shoulders above the rest.

Perhaps one outstanding player in a team will be responsible for adding thousands of pounds to the gate money during a season, yet he is paid no more than the fellow who loafs through game after game with the minimum of effort. This does not seem right. In football, as in any other game, a player can only reach the highest point of skill by dint of hard work and conscientious training.

We all know that everyone worth his salt should put in every ounce of effort to reach perfection, but, in practice, not many attempt the utmost, therefore, the man who does should certainly be rewarded.

It is a one-eyed argument to say that all members of a team are of equal merit. If this is so, why is it that certain clubs are willing to bid up to several thousand pounds for the transfer of a particularly brilliant player? And does this player, whose skill has won him such high valuation, receive this large sum of money? Certainly not. It goes to the club he is leaving.

Perhaps it is as well that we do not all think alike in this connection. Only the other day, when it was mentioned that somebody had suggested reviving the bonus scheme in football, whereby the members of a team received £2 bonus for winning a match and £1 in the event of a draw, with nothing extra, of course, if they were beaten, a writer came out with the startling (to me) statement that players are already well paid.

While there are people holding such views the players who wish to gain a decent place in society will have to fight hard before they will be conceded any worth while increase in pay.

Indeed, it seems that many of them will have to fight to get back to the 1939 terms. It is being debated by the football authorities without any decision being arrived at so far. They are waiting to see how the Armed Forces Reinstatement Act is being interpreted. Surely football players will come under this Act if their agreements with the clubs were not cancelled when they joined the Services.

So far the Football League has agreed to pay players £4 a week during the transitional period, and this does not appear to be over generous.

There is little doubt that the clubs have been doing very well in the wartime games by getting good "gates" and paying out very little. They have taken on "guest" players at £2 a match, which is much cheaper than employing regular players at £8 a week.

It seems to me that under the Armed Forces Reinstatement Act a player on being discharged from the Service can claim to be taken back by his club at his old wage of £8 a week. He has his remedy in the courts if the club is unwilling to take him back on the old terms.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## NEW FACES FOR OLD—AND MADE

WAR victims, both Service and civilian, are being saved from permanent disfigurement by the brilliant work of plastic surgeons.

Heading a great squad of "make-up" men is 62-year-old Sir Harold Gillies, a New Zealander, who was a famous oarsman and an international golfer before he took up his life's work.

He and his colleagues have made life worth living again for hundreds of badly disfigured soldiers, sailors and airmen.

Before a scarred face is "converted," much preliminary work is often necessary. First, a plaster cast is made of the face, and the surgeons start moulding a new face on the model with wax. Muscle may have to be grafted and new bone supplied before the "beauty treatment" is commenced.

With a watchful eye on the model, the surgeon begins to build. He takes some of the patient's hair and manufactures a new set of eyebrows. An injured lip is camouflaged by a layer of skin, and a moustache appears.

"Miracles" have been performed, after months of patient work, on the burned faces of badly wounded men. Layers of skin are taken from the chest or back of the

patient and laid with meticulous care and accuracy on the scarred portions of the face. They are then neatly sewn into position.

It is a slow process, and one wounded airman spent nearly three years in hospital before his doctors were satisfied. But the surgeons are the last to claim that their science is fool-proof. Research goes on, night and day. And, all the while, new techniques are being evolved.

The surgeons are learning from the physicians, too. We may be hearing shortly of important advances in glandular treatment. Amazing results are reported from injections of animal gland extracts.

One injection changed the whole appearance of a prematurely-old woman who was losing all her hair.

She was transformed into a pleasant-looking woman with a mop of healthy, attractive hair. The "miracle" was due to a supply of a thyroid, the lack of which had aged her by about twenty years.

Hollywood has been called many names by the highbrow critics and snobs. But the studios have made one great contribution, at least, to medical science. More than one plastic surgeon has learned much about mask-moulding from the studio make-up men.

## TO MEASURE

You may recall how Jack Dawn, a former sculptor turned make-up expert, transformed a 40-year-old actor into the ancient Lama of the "Lost Horizon" movie. It took him ten hours, and he was paid £600 for the job.

Like the plastic surgeons, he started with a model of the actor's head, made from a quickly hardening plastic, before he started creating the new face.

Guy Temple

## Here's picture you wanted,

E.R.A. Richard Spencer



EVEN if we looked as though we wanted to buy a fire-grate, we certainly didn't intend to, but the lady behind the counter thought that was our intention.

We were in the showroom of a Bolton (Lancs) store, and the lady, E.R.A. Richard Spencer, was your Mother. She was doing her war job—the job you said you couldn't picture her at.

So we photographed Mother, just to prove that she can fit into these surroundings, and we asked how she was getting along as a saleswoman.

She wants you to know that just fine, but Dad isn't in favour of relaxing training in the four to six hours she spends at Home Guard. Like many others, his unit has been disbanded, and now H.G. night comes only once a week, so Dad is complaining of having too much time on his hands.

It's in these slack periods that your letters are written, and we found that Mother had half-written one when we called.

Dad and brother Jack are

Your home at 26 Danesbury Road, Bolton, is looking very well. Mother says hurry along, come home, and have a peep at it again.



# Building Cities from RUBBLE

A FEW hours after the bomb has fallen, lorries arrive to carry away the piles of broken glass, and later there are others to remove the rubble, the steel, all the broken bits and pieces that once were homes, shops and office buildings.

The scene has been repeated in Britain's big towns countless thousands of times since 1940, and when the flying-bomb was in full blast it was revealed that 7,000 houses an hour were being damaged in London.

What happens to all the debris? It is one of the most astonishing stories of the war. Take the glass first. Broken glass can be remelted and rolled out a new. Unfortunately, in cases of bombing, many different types of glass become mixed up, and it is not possible to melt it for new plate glass, picture glass, and so on. But it is ideal for "protective" or "reinforced" glass.

Thousands of tons of broken glass is piled up outside fac-

tories. Pieces of metal are removed by magnets, dirt is washed away. Then the glass is smashed once more until it is a coarse powder. It is melted down and poured over special mesh, completely coating it. The glass is rolled out in "sheets" about five feet wide, and then cut to suitable lengths.

Replaced in the windows, it is reasonably safe, and certainly will not be blasted into those deadly jagged fragments. Hundreds of thousands of square feet of it are now in use.

When the worst of the 1940-41 blitz had passed, special squads got down to the job of clearing up. Their instructions were, "Put the materials back into circulation."

Each area was surveyed. First, all undamaged articles were removed. They varied

from casks of wine buried under hundreds of tons of rubble to bales of half-burned paper and foodstuffs. These went "back into circulation." Then the men turned to iron, steel and timber.

By  
**Alexander Dilke**

In two years London's blitzed buildings yielded about 300,000 tons of iron and steel for the foundries, as well as considerable quantities of lead, copper, and other metals. At the peak of the collection period 14,000 tons of iron were leaving London for the foundries every week.

It may be an exaggeration to say that Hitler's bombing saved our armament industry, but the fact is this iron and steel was provided at a critical time and saved shipping space whose value could not be calculated. The manufacture of steel calls for a certain amount of scrap to be mixed with the new iron.

Thousands of the bombs that later rained down on German cities were, ironically enough, made from buildings destroyed by Hitler's bombers!

The timber recovered in London alone has been as much as 750 tons a week, every ton of it saving shipping. Some was only

fit for firewood, but much was recovered for use in making ammunition boxes and other direct materials of war, quite apart from vital civilian needs.

An ingenious electrical device like a mine-detector was made for finding the presence of unseen nails and screws and removing them before they damaged the saws.

From the smaller pieces of wood, thousands of children's toys for the day nurseries were made by London's firemen in their spare time.

Then bricks — millions of them! Every brick that was whole was cleaned up and put aside. Some have been used for temporary repairs. Millions are stored awaiting use in reconstruction wherever second-hand bricks can be used. The broken bricks, plaster, tangled mass of laths, soil, concrete, roadway—all the inextricably mixed stuff called rubble, has not been wasted.

Many of our heavy bombers to-day are taking-off from concrete runways laid on a foundation of rubble from Britain's bombed cities. Some of it has gone much further afield.

Lease-lend ships returning to New York carried rubble from Bristol's bombed buildings as ballast. The rubble forms the foundations of Bristol Basin, and a commemorative tablet on the spot testifies to its origin and the valour of the people whose homes were reduced to rubble in the fight for freedom.

Other batches of rubble have been used for raising the level of the land. For instance, at Woodford Bridge playing fields 700,000 tons of rubble have been used to raise the ground above the flood level—a strange example of an ill-wind blowing some good.

Thousands of doors, baths, mantelpieces and other fixtures



"Just one more thing, Miss Prendergast, can you type?"

have been saved intact, and are stored by local authorities. They will be used for new houses.

Some of the materials used have been put to "odd" uses. In the days when bombing was still a novelty, the United States was an eager buyer of "jewellery" made from shell and bomb fragments, and hundreds of thousands of pieces were collected and sent across to help pay for our imports.

Stone debris from the Houses of Parliament has been cut into a hundred different kinds of souvenirs, from ash trays to book ends. Apart from its association, the stone has a soft,

pleasant appearance.

A piece of the door of the Free Trade Hall—about the only piece of wood unburned after the blitz—has been used to make the casket to contain the Freedom of Manchester being presented to Mr. Churchill.

In Britain we have never been a very economical race, but in our treatment of the ruins of blitzes and flying-bombs we have rivalled the Chinese, who make use of everything. Of the many millions of tons of "scrap" produced by bombs, the amount that has been wasted is negligible.

## QUIZ for today

1. A frow is a hussy, line across the forehead, Dutch-woman, African canoe?
2. What and where was Gondwanaland?
3. What animal has been domesticated longest?
4. What is the shortest modern European alphabet, and how many letters does it contain?
5. Who founded the Quakers, and when?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Grocer, Chandler, Blacksmith, Butcher, Dairyman.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 549

1. Line of verse.
2. Originally, a pound weight of silver was divided into 240 silver pennies, or 20 silver shillings. Later, a gold coin of this value was called a pound.
3. Grand Canal, N. China; about 2,500 years old.
4. October 2, 1925.
5. About 200.
6. Tabloid is a trade name; others aren't.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



CONTROL of business men, as the only alternative to the creation of depressed areas, was urged by Sir William Beveridge.

"To allow business men freely to order factories, machines and raw materials when they want, and not when they do not want, has meant in the past, and will continue to mean in the future, perpetual fluctuation in the demand for labour," he told the Oxford University Liberal Club.

"To stabilise the process of investment, by interfering so far as necessary with business men, is the only alternative to destroying human beings in unemployment and subjecting them to the misery of the dole."

"To interfere with the quite unimportant freedom of a few business men is the way to preserve the essentials of healthy self-respecting life for thousands of others."

"We cannot end the social evils and injustices which have marred Britain in the past unless we are prepared to substitute a planned economy."

★

CONTROL of banks by the Australian Government is being hinted at by the Commonwealth Minister of Information, Mr. A. A. Calwell. In a speech in Sydney he said:—

"The manipulation of finance by bank directors will not be allowed to rob the people of the fruits of the sacrifice made in the war years."

"We have been given a mandate and we are determined to put it into effect."

Perhaps we may have a control on babies' money-boxes, too!

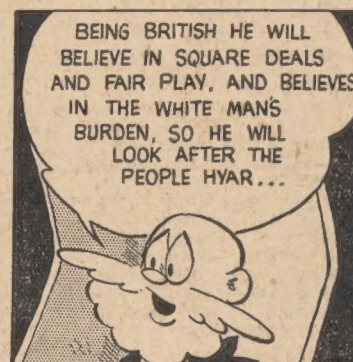
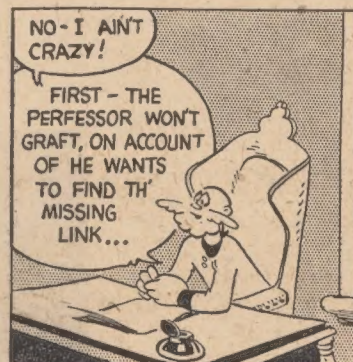
★

"DOU you think two people could live on ten pounds a week?"

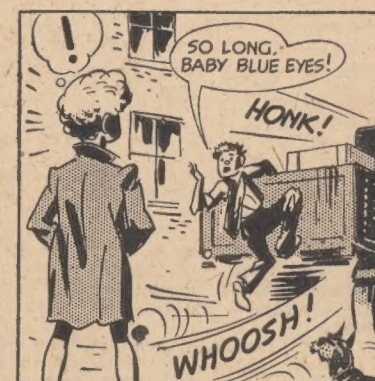
"Yes, rather."

"Good! I've got ten pounds; let's get married for a week."

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS

489

1. Insert consonants in \*A\*\*O\*IA and A\*\*U\*U\* and get two ornamental trees.
2. Here are two animals whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
KOLCAREB — TIBULB.
3. If "vestry" is the "vest" of church architects, what is the vest of (a) Financial Adventurers, (b) Deprivation?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 488

1. TOMATO, BROCCOLI.
2. VIXEN — TIGRESS.
3. (a) Valid, (b) Stolid.
4. St-or-y, Poe-m.

# JANE



# Skeleton Guard of Pirate Treasure

ELEUTHERA lies in the Bahamas, a paradise, with a hurricane-proof harbour, a gorgeous climate, and a small population of only a few thousand negroes, who are too lazy to dig—and there it hides the treasure of Captain Kidd. Or part of his treasure.

One hundred and fifty years ago it was the haunt of pirates, who brought in their ships, careened them, hid their loot, and departed to seek more.

It was there that Kidd, after he had taken the mighty Spanish galleon, "Catherine," came with his booty. He stored it in one of the caves of the island, and sailed—never to return.

He was captured, brought to England and hanged, and some of his crew with him. Some have estimated this pirate's hoard at half a million sterling, some have estimated it at twice that and more.

It has been searched for, but never found, although one party fifty years ago believed they came near to it. But there was a fall of roofing and they had more help. The negroes were paid off, the caves were boarded up.

But work was continued behind the hoardings, and at last the party sailed away. One man, however, was left on guard. He gave it out in a drunken spree that his friends

Nobody has ever explored all these caves.

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

I have seen some of them. There are plenty of legends among the negroes about Kidd's treasure—and other pirates' treasures, too.

**IN SECRET CAVE.**

After the last war a party of Americans, headed by a Captain Oregon, landed on Eleuthera and made it known that they had come to get some of the black deposit found in the caves. This soft earth is used for banana growing, and contains wonderful properties. Suddenly one day they intimated that they required no

there. Above the steps is a thick growth of cactus, palms, guinea grass—and a goat track. This is the pirates' trail: and down the rocks, facing the sea, is the entrance to the famous Kidd's Cave.

The entrance is hardly bigger than an ordinary doorway, and down hewn steps one goes into the first of the caves. It looks like a pagan ante-chamber, a gallery around, and beyond it are more caves. The track leads into darkness.

**THEY FOUND A GRAVE.**

Around one cave are little stalls, cut into the rock, where it is said Kidd stayed with his crew and sank the loot.

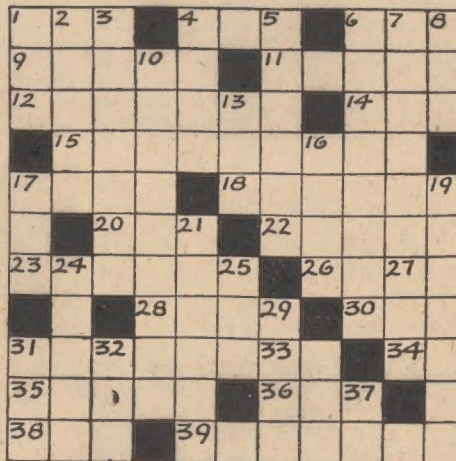
In a cave half a mile from the entrance is a natural shaft through which one can see the sky above. Pools of clear ice-cold fresh water are there.

A skeleton was found there and beside it an old musket. And any proof of Kidd? A log-book and a piece of timber from a longboat was unearthed. On that timber was printed in faint lettering one word, "Adber. It is a large hall, with a gallery around, and beyond it are more caves. The track leads into darkness.

At the bottom of one of the deep pools, they say, lies the treasure. Coins have been found by native divers, and a solid silver cup of Spanish origin.

Who will lift the rest of the loot?

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Stuff.
- 4 Friend.
- 6 Butter.
- 9 Dodge.
- 11 Banish.
- 12 Short walks.
- 14 Poke.
- 15 Slavery.
- 17 Obligation.
- 18 Mum.
- 20 Allow.
- 22 Consume.
- 23 Unfolded.
- 26 Stretched.
- 28 Platform.
- 30 Accomplished.
- 31 Cloth.
- 34 Animation.
- 35 Positive pole.
- 36 Sprint.
- 38 Tree.
- 39 Roof beams.

### CLUES DOWN.

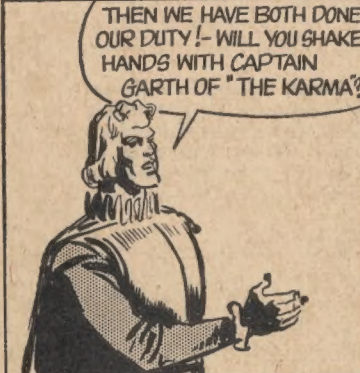
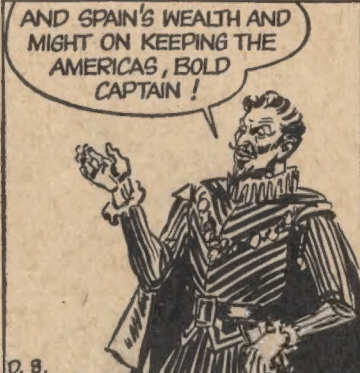
- 1 Climber.
- 2 Swarming.
- 3 Strong.
- 4 Writes.
- 5 Boy's name.
- 6 Was restless.
- 7 Stranger.
- 8 Sheep.
- 10 Swollen.
- 13 Fuel.
- 16 Unfortunately.
- 17 Decoration.
- 19 Sins.
- 21 Hard question.
- 24 Liabe.
- 25 Bathe.
- 27 Peruke.
- 29 Foam.
- 31 Fodder.
- 32 Out down.
- 33 Fruit.
- 37 Compass point.

SLOPE HURST  
IOWA HONOUR  
FULLY BLARE  
TREMOR IDEA  
SET KICKS D  
P D E F O E C  
P CALLS COG  
ELAN ETCHER  
ROUGH SHIRE  
MUSLIN ONCE  
STEEP SWEET

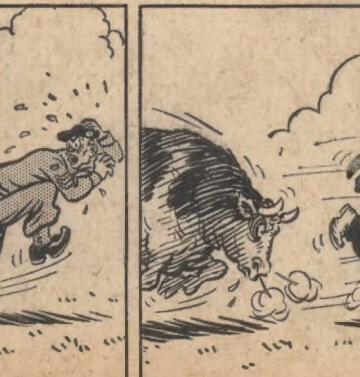
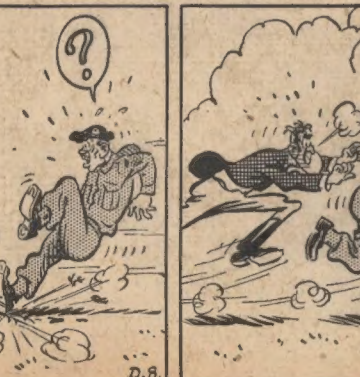
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Sport Oddities

IN different parts of the world there are some odd sports. But the oddest are surely in the United States. For instance, where else would you find 25,000 people turning up to an annual frog-jumping championship? Officially the meeting was for the championship of Calaveras County, but as this is a purely local sport it was for all practical purposes the world title.

In 1937, at the ninth championship, a frog named Emmet Dalton set up a new record of 13ft. 5in.—the total of three jumps. This sent up the world's record made in 1932 by one inch. The contest is held to commemorate Mark Twain's Jumping Frog of Calaveras.

Before you laugh, training a frog for jumping has its technique and finer points, just like picking and training a horse. You can, if you have a mind to it, make a sport of almost anything.

Here are some strange "championships," and the records set up, I have noted in America. Spitting championship—won with a shot of 12ft. 3in. Oyster-opening championship—won with 100 opened in four seconds short of five minutes. Women's rolling-pin-throwing championship—won with a throw of 79 feet. This last sport has its practical uses, and one feels it should be accompanied by a men's rolling-pin-dodging championship.

But these "odd sports" aren't confined to the U.S. In Britain we have, in normal times, our annual marbles championship at Tinsley Green, in Sussex, watched by a crowd of 3,000 or more in 1939, with the prospect of an "All-Black" marbles team from New Zealand coming over for a test!

Greyhound racing led to experiments in Britain with other animals to see if they would not increase the excitement. Cheetahs are the fastest animals—but the sport proved too exciting for spectators.

A London sporting club arranged terrier racing, with an electrically-propelled rat. But you can't fool a terrier like you can a greyhound. After a few races they stop using their legs and start using their brains. Near Weymouth, a series of cat-racing meetings were held, with cats chasing an electric mouse over a 200-yard course.

## Alex Cracks

There was the old lady who said she had never been X-rayed, but had often been ultra-violated.

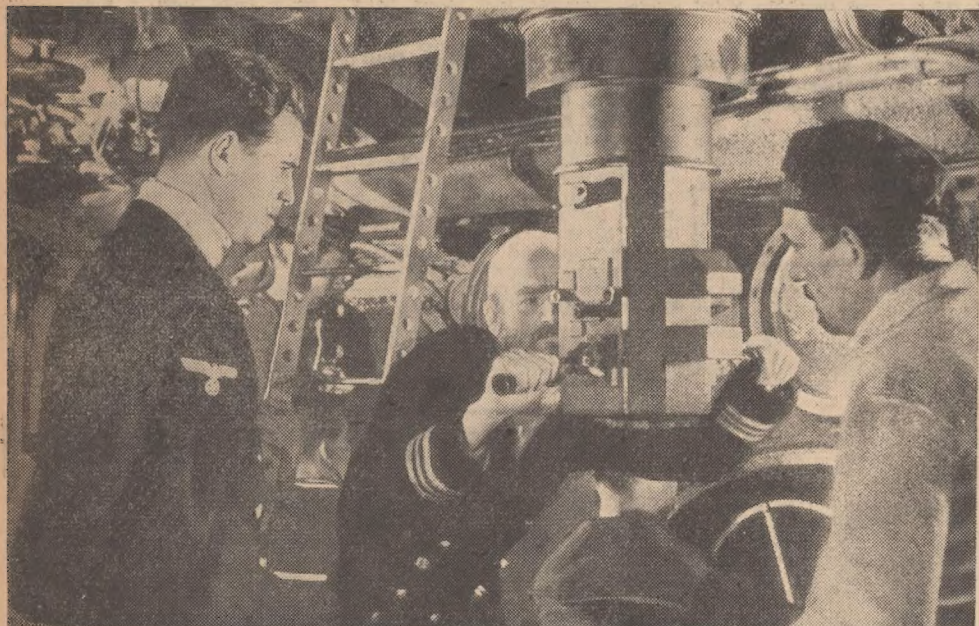
A fat and prosperous woman (you know the kind) lay back in her chair and said to the butler: "James, as this is Christmas Eve, put Stilton in all the mouse-traps."



# Good Morning

## FILM OF THE WEEK

A scene from "Western Approaches," a tribute to the men who fought and won the Battle of the Atlantic. This British masterpiece is humbly dedicated to the officers and men of the Allied Navies and Merchant Fleets whose sacrifices made this victory possible.



### "CHEER UP, CHOPPER"

"We know you feel chocker, kept waiting like that for chow while nurse feeds that greedy glutton at the end of the row — but your turn's coming, matey."



Jean Crain's next picture is to be called "In the Meantime, Darling." That's all very well, but what do WE do in the meantime, darling?

THIS ENGLAND. Seven miles from Charing Cross, and you might be in the heart of the country! These three youthful riders know that there's few better stretches of country for a brisk canter than Wimbledon Common. "G-M." request picture—see p. 1.



### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"That's what I'm always asking Ginger Tom."

